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OCTOBER 23 AND 25, 1909

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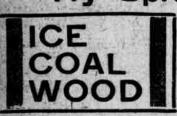
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THE ALTENBURG CASE

By GEORGE DYRE ELDRIDGE

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He gone! Ah see heem not mooch "So that you can see that if he couldn't have invented Phil Barber's story after he heard it, he could make his fit to it to a t-y-ty. Barber told

XIV.

THE WHITE BULL DOG.

Fry chose this point in the game to ndulge in the folly of individual amford was determined to shield Grimbleshaw, and that nothing less than the incontrovertible evidence of the doctor's guilt would prevent his doing so. With equal clearness Fry saw it his duty to the public to see that the scheme did not succeed, and he added, in behalf of the claims of loyalty, that he owed the same duty to Trafford

Necessarily, he would be compelled to pursue his self-appointed task under difficulties, for he could not neglect in the slightest detail the portion of the work assigned him by Trafford, and, besides, he would have to exercise the utmost care not to run up against his chief and what would provoke awkward inquiry.

His first duty concerned the drunken Canadian, who had been so conveniently absent from the farm the night of the murder, and he found him so close-mouthed, until his tongue had been loosened by a copious supply of bad brandy, that he began to suspect him of having something to conceal. This view commended itself to him the more since he felt that Trafford could present the most logical reasons for elieving that the man really knew ittle or nothing.

When, however, his tongue was loosened he talked with the volubility of a Canadian of French extraction and said nothing. He had money that night, for without money liquor was

not to be had in Lanceboro. "Ah, out. Meestah Haltenbourg he gif me un, deux piastre. He gif heem for hees vages.'

for bad brandy, do you?" "Non, non! Meestah Haltencourg he keep heem; only deux plasres. Me. Ah tak heem for vhat you call ze joli temps, ze good time, hain't

"Hump! And you spend your wages

"Maybe that's what you call it," Fry answered, "but I should call it getting roaring drunk. That's what you were when you got back to the house."

"Ah, oui! ze drunk, you call heem. Eet was ze joli temps; zat mean ze same ting; ze drunk. Oui out oui!" "Well, if getting jolly drunk means 'ze joli temps,' you had 'ze joli temps' all right. Where was Altenburg when he gave you the money?"

"Een ze room where ees ze vhat you call heem, ze place where he writes?" "Oh, his desk."

"Oui, out, out; ze desk. He tak ze me ze plastres. He curse; he say ed him and got out of sacre' vhen Ah tell heem Ah van un, deux piastres. He say you vun d-n drunkard; you tro' avay ze moneys you vun d-n fool!" "But you took it?"

"Ah. out! Ah tak eet. Ah vanted ze joli temps; ze gret drunk you call heem. He say 'you vun d-n fol.' Ah say 'Ah vont ze plastres, ze joli temps, Ah could not geet eet, me, eef Ah had

At what time did he leave the farm? Just after supper, about 6 o'clock. After he finished his supper in the kitchen he went into the room and asked for the money, and as soon as he got it put on his coat and started for the village. No, he did not go by the road, but through the woods, and met Antone, who worked for Mr. Malbon, and they went to the village together. Did he meet any one as he went

through the woods? "Ah, oui; Ah meets ze dog." "The dog!" exclaimed Fry. "What

"Ze dog. Me, Ah call heem 'Chack' ze bool-dog: Meestah Haltenbourg's

bool-dog." "But I haven't seen any dog round

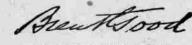
here," declared Fry. "There hain't any dog round there." "Non! He gone; he not dar. You savez vhere he go?"

"No. Do you?"

Non, non, non! He gone. Where? Ah no savez. I see heem no nore. Ah meets him in les bois. Ah say to heem, 'Go home!' He vags hees tail; he growl; he say 'sacre,' Ah tinks.

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(Continued on Page 15.)

Fry made his note of this disappear ance, significant as it might prove, both from the time of its occurrence and because of the seemingly utter failure of one and all to take note of it. If there had been a bulldog alive around that farm that night he would surely have been heard from, whence it seemed to Fry that a degree of preparation not before supposed was bition. It was clear to him that Traf- indicated. There could but be significance in the vanishing of a dog that was alive and close at home at 6 o'clock, and yet utterly gone two hours later, when the need of him was most

"Did you meet anybody else?" asked "Non. Ah meets nobody, only ze dog. He geets heem out of my vay."

"Who? The dog?" "Non, non. Ah tells you Ah meets ze dog. Ah say, 'Go home!' Ze man he geets heem out of ze vay."

"What man? You haven't said anything about a man," said Fry, on the alert at once.

"Ze man zat valks in front me. Ze man he looks up; he stops; he say Sacre,' Ah tink; mais, he geets out ze vay into ze trees. He hides." "The devil he did!" exclaimed Fry.

'What'd he do that for? Was he afraid of you?" "Ah tinks cul. He stops, he looks zis vay; he looks zat vay; he go! He

ees not dair; he lak ze dog; he go!" "Was he going toward the farm?" asked Fry. "Ah, oui. He come; he see me; he stop. Zen he go! He no here; he no

zair, he vhere? Me. Ah cannot teil; he go. Ah tink he hide." "Did you see enough of him to know who he was?" asked the impatient

Fry. "Ah see heem; mais, eet vas dark Ah not see heem goot. Ah see heem in ze dark; mais, he look lak ze doctaire cen ze ville; ze doctaire viz ze

funny names; vhat you call heem "Not Grimbleshaw," interrupted Fry "Oui, oui! Ze Greembl'shah; za heem; ze doctaire viz ze funy names

ze Greembl'shah!" "And he was coming toward the farm at 6 o'clock, and hid in the woods when he saw you?"

"Out, out. He zair; he come; h gone, zip! Ah look, he zair; Ah look anoder tam, he not zair. Ah know not vhere he go. Me, Ah see heem no

The sting of this discovery was that its source lay so near the surface that any possible that Trafford should not already have stumbled upon it. Indeed, the situation suggested to Fry whose suspicions were already aroused by his own purpose to play double with his chief, that a trap had been set to catch him. Why else had he been assigned to work on the Canabook-pocket from ze pocket. He gif dian, when anybody might have pumpwas so ready to tell? Yet the doubt whether it was so or not presented just those conditions that were embarrassing. If this was what Trafford had done, then he had it in his power completely to blind the latter as to his own purposes by going and telling him what he had found out. On the other hand, if it was not so, it was clearly the proper thing to keep the information secret, both as running in line with his suspicions as to Grimbleshaw and as confirming his fear of Trafford's intention to shield him.

Still, he was too shrewd a man to study a difficult situation long without finding some plausible excuse for doing as he wished, and this came with the consideration that fairness demanded he should first make certain whether or not the physician was in the vicinity of the farm at the time named. David's statement was simply that the man he saw looked like the doctor, but there was also the statement that it was dark and that the man disappeared quickly, so that the resemblance was made at least questionable. It clearly was not fair to throw this added suspicion on a man already looked at askance by the public without first exhausting every means of information. The most seri-

ous consideration that assailed him in the purposed course was the impossibility of preventing David giving to others the same information that he had been able so easily to extract from him. He could see no way of avoiding this risk, and so had to make up his mind to take it. Aside from the question of the iden

tification of Dr. Grimbleshaw as the mysterious individual seen near the farm, the suddenly evolved bulldog had a fascination for him, and he set himself vigorously to the task of discov ering his fate.

IN BECKWITH'S OFFICE.

"I don't say I shouldn't defend you even if I knew you were guilty,' Beckwith said to young Calden, seated before him at the former's desk, while Beckwith himself stood near the huge soanstone stove and spoke down to "The law lays down certain re-

quirements for legal proof of guilt, and it is part of a lawyer's duty to see that these are complied with before any man, even though he knows him to be guilty, is convicted. But that's not the point I'm making. I'm entitled to know everything if I'm to protect you, and clearly I don't. Whatever I'm willing or unwilling to do I can't go it blind, and if that's what you're going to persist in asking of me, you'll have to get another law-

yer. "Who's the lawyer in Lanceboro would take my case after you'd turned me down?" asked Calden, bitterly. "Who's the lawyer you'd want if I

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